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AMERICAN SOCIALIST

Look For Big Rand School Scholarship Announcement Next Week

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25 CENTS FOR SIX MONTHS; 50 CENTS PER YEAR; \$1 PER YEAR OUTSIDE UNITED STATES

Let The Plutes Rule!

By MAX SHEROVER.

Blood Money.

U. S. Steel Corporation net earnings for the final quarter of 1916 approximate \$110,000,000 (one hundred and ten million dollars) or an average of over \$1,200,000 net profit PER DAY! Perhaps this is the reason why the steel trust's Messaba range slaves were driven into the industrial trenches. Let the Plutes Rule!

Economic Determinism?

The New York Medical Society by a vote of 210 to 72 defeated a resolution to urge the repeal of anti-birth-control laws. Illegal operations must spell good biz for the medics.

The Poor Railroad!

Statistics of the Interstate Commerce Commission show the net income of railroads of the United States for 1916 increased more than 52% over the fiscal year of 1915; 59% over 1914 and 34% over 1913.

A Nation of Henry Dubbs.

Complete election returns indicate that 17,663,770 voted to Let the Plutes Rule!

Flowers from the Plute Garden.

(Continued from Last Week)

Wife of insane workman, clerks in store for \$5 per week to support five children, but has serious case of tuberculosis.

Mrs. W. slaved three years at the washtub but now strength has failed and there are five to feed.

Insane father at home, with five children, while frail mother seeks work. Family income \$1.50 a week.

Dominic, aged 15, earns \$7 a week and supports a decrepit mother and six brothers and sisters, while his father is dying from an industrial disease. Two sisters have tuberculosis.

In Prosperous Free America!

Deserted family of four hungry children eat from garbage cans.

Home Sweet Home!

Paralytic mother dies, father dangerously ill, baby consumptive and three others starving.

Why Girls Leave Home.

Marie, aged 14, is sole support of aged parents. Earns \$5 a week in candy factory, but is discontented, and the old folks are worried that unless help comes the bright lights may claim her.

Socialism Will Bust Up This Home.

Plasterer's helper supports ten on \$2 a day when he gets work, but now ragged children can't go to school because others "won't sit by them." No furniture. Need two beds and bed clothing, or must sleep on floor.

Great world, isn't it?

Let the Plutes Rule!

Coming Events Cast Their Shadows, etc.

The Wheel Cannot Move Back Again.

Speculation has already been made here as to the attitude of soldiers toward each other and towards society after the war, and it has been suggested that they will scarcely be content to return to humdrum existence. That they are already thinking of this future state is shown by a letter from one at the front printed in part by the London Times. He tells how they hate the war itself, but he adds that it has put a new hope into all. "Everybody," he continues, "is beginning to have a purpose in life. The wheel cannot move back again. Everybody who has been out here, whether he wanted or not, has been obliged to think. He has got some definite ideas on certain principles of life, and has made for himself, unconsciously, perhaps, a certain code of morals which he will follow. Let not all this be in vain. Let the public mind at home be opened and prepared for the soldiers when they come home. After this life, will they be contented to return to the slums again? O, no!"—Chicago Herald.

It May not be a Good Slogan but it Rhymes.

A comrade in writing to the office signs his letter "Yours for the 8 hour day and 24 hours pay."

Did A Few Drops Get Into Their Buckets?

It is understood in Washington that the Democrat members of both Houses are not going to permit an investigation of the Washington-Wall Street leak, thru which, according to Thomas W. Lawson, \$50,000,000 was raked in by Washingtonians who had the "inside track."

WANTED—A stock broker who will open an office and quotation room next door to the House of Representatives. Good business assured.

A \$40,000,000 pork raid on the national treasury is in full swing. Hamlets with \$17 a day post office receipts are to have \$250,000 buildings to do business in, and then the old gag of rivers and harbors and bank accounts. Let the Plutes Rule!

The new naval bill carries an appropriation for \$360,000,000 for battleships alone. If there are five in your family this item alone costs you \$18,000, but that is hardly enough to worry about in these days of unparalleled prosperity. Let the Plutes Rule!

Strange, It Never Occurred to the Church to Speak Thus Twenty Years Ago.

Denouncing plute bonuses as a hypocritical cloak for their robbery of the workers Rev. John F. O'Rourke, a Jesuit orator, in the Christmas day sermon at St. Patrick's Cathedral in New York uttered the following scathing arraignment of the bonus scheme:

"If employers paid an honest wage, there would be no need of bonuses. If they had paid honest wages for years there would have been no labor troubles. The hard treatment of labor by grasping employers has given such strength to the labor movement that employers now vie with one another in giving bonuses, and are anxious to arbitrate. The question of arbitration never occurred to them twenty years ago, when labor was the under dog. But now they will arbitrate, now that the workman has realized his power and holds the whip hand."

No Wonder.

A U. S. Army Corporal in sending to a friend a picture of himself astride of a jackass writes: "If you don't recognize me I'll tell you that I'm the one on the top, altho sometimes I get mixed up a bit myself."

"The Blessings of Poverty."

"Poverty is a blessing in disguise" says the apologist for Capitalism, "look how much healthier the poor are." The public health committee of the Milwaukee City Club reports that the poor folks are seriously ill three times as often as the rich, that less than one-fourth of those sick have prompt medical attention, and that the greatest proportion of sickness is always found in the poorest quarter of the city, and the least proportion in the wealthiest. Therefore, verily we say unto you, Let the Plutes Rule!

Let the Wealth Producers Rule!

London's Food Bill Hits Cost Of Living Problem

Socialist Congressman Meyer London's bill to create a commission to provide for government control of the food supply has been referred to the House committee on interstate and foreign commerce. In view of the fact that Congress adjourned for its usual Christmas vacation, the committee will take no action regarding the bill until Congress reconvenes. It is understood that the committee, of which Representative William C. Adamson of Georgia is the chairman, will then hold hearings on London's bill, as well as on the other "food" bills now in the custody of the committee.

It is quite generally recognized that London's bill goes to the crux of the cost-of-living question and proposes the only adequate solution in its declaration for government control of the transportation and distribution of the food necessities, eliminating the speculative and profit-mongering horde of middlemen.

What Provisions Are.

Section 1 of the bill creates the federal food commission and names its personnel.

Section 2 instructs the commission to make an immediate investigation into the food supply, and outlines the procedure that the commission shall take in case the supply is found insufficient, making it mandatory upon the president to proclaim an embargo on the exportation of such products.

Section 3 instructs the commission to recommend additional legislation, if required, to make the embargo effective.

Section 4 provides that the embargo shall be raised when the commission is satisfied that the export of food products will not materially injure the people thru boosted prices for home consumption.

Section 5 instructs the commission to recommend to Congress such legislation as will permit the federal government to "exercise complete control over the supply and distribution of food."

Section 6 instructs the commission to recommend plans for the cooperation of the state and local governments with the federal government in the food supply control, and makes it the duty of the commission to report to Congress not later than February 1, 1917.

Section 7 confers upon the commission the usual power to hold hearings and summon witnesses.

Section 8 appropriates \$50,000 for the use of the commission.

Section 9 limits the effect of the act to two years from the date of its enactment into law.

The national executive committee of the Socialist Party, which meets in Chicago, Saturday, Jan. 6, will plan a national campaign to support London's bill.

OUR 1916 VOTE.

With Idaho, Louisiana, Texas and Washington still to be heard from the Socialist presidential vote for the remaining states now totals \$40,944. The vote by states, 1916, compared to 1912, is as follows:

State	Debs 1912	Benson 1912	Other 1912	Obtainable 1916
Alabama	3,029	1,916		
Arizona	3,163	3,172	2,827*	
Arkansas	8,153	6,999	9,730*	
California	79,201	43,263	49,341*	
Colorado	16,418	9,963	12,421*	
Connecticut	10,056	5,179	5,279*	
Delaware	586	486	490*	
Florida	4,806	7,894		
Georgia	1,028	966		
Idaho	11,460			
Illinois	81,249	61,394	52,316*	
Indiana	36,931	21,855	22,156*	
Iowa	16,967	10,976		
Kansas	26,779	24,685	22,552*	
Kentucky	11,647	4,734		
Louisiana	5,249			
Maine	2,541	2,186	1,558*	
Maryland	3,996	2,674	2,590*	
Massachusetts	12,622	11,058	10,532*	
Michigan	23,211	16,120	15,614*	
Minnesota	27,505	20,117	26,306*	
Mississippi	2,061	1,454		
Missouri	26,466	14,612	14,654*	
Montana	10,885	9,564	11,242*	
Nebraska	10,185	7,141	7,425*	
Nevada	3,813	3,065	9,572*	
N. Hampshire	1,980	1,319	1,199*	
New Jersey	15,928	10,405	13,358*	
New Mexico	2,859	1,997		
New York	63,381	45,985		
N. Carolina	1,025	490	490*	
N. Dakota	6,966	5,716	8,472*	
Ohio	89,930	38,092	38,187*	
Oklahoma	42,262	45,190		
Oregon	13,343	9,767	7,243*	
Pennsylvania	85,014	42,637		
Rhode Island	2,049	1,914	2,167*	
So. Carolina	164	135		
So. Dakota	4,662	3,480	3,556*	
Tennessee	3,504	2,542	2,187*	
Texas	24,896			
Utah	9,023	4,460	4,497*	
Vermont	928	798		
Virginia	820	1,062		
Washington	40,134			
W. Virginia	15,336	6,150	4,881*	
Wisconsin	33,481	27,846	30,649*	
Wyoming	2,760	1,453	1,344*	

* Legislature; † U. S. Senator; ‡ Governor.

Complete returns on the presidential election show Wilson received 9,116,296 votes and Hughes 8,547,474, a plurality of 568,822 for Wilson. In 1912 Wilson received 6,297,099 votes. Hanly, prohibitionist, received 225,101, against 207,928 for Chafin in 1912. The total popular vote for the four candidates was 18,638,871, against 15,045,322 in 1912, accounted for by increased population and the woman vote in new suffrage states.

We will do better in the spring.

Socialists lost; Socialism did not lose.

We are closer to an age of darkness than we are to civilization.

Woe to America the day the European war ends. On that day the panic will begin.

Now that Mr. Wilson got your vote we shall see what you get.

If half the people were starving, the food trust would be all the more prosperous.

While labor may produce wealth, it is evident that labor doesn't use all wealth.

Dreams are great things, if dreams do not take up all one's time.

The things that people reject as foolish their children accept as wisdom.

Josh Wise aptly remarks that nothing has such poor health as the goose that lays the golden egg.

Capitalist civilization has put the whole world in want. What is it that you want?

The women hit John Barleycorn at the late election. They will yet learn to strike at the high cost of living with a Socialist ballot.

Socialism was not hit by the election, but many who voted against it are going to get smashed square in the mouth by the high cost of living.

The capitalist system leaves men so insecure that even John D. is afraid to give away a nickel lest he starve.

Soldiers have died on the battlefield and martyrs at the stake. Both were victims of nonsense, one willingly, the other unwillingly.

A Socialist is an individual who didn't vote for Wilson, the one who voted for Wilson may be a Socialist some day.

The ignorant man is the fellow who doesn't know what you do. And there are usually things he knows which you do not.

How superior a man is to a monkey! A monkey must be taught to act like a man, but a man can make a monkey of himself without instruction.

Did you ever make a million? Well, others have made millions off the likes of you, and you never saw the millions, either.

By the way, What is Pershing doing in Mexico? Hadn't we better get the boys out of the trenches by Christmas?

The high cost of living is going to make the contributions to Santa Claus light. Small merchants will soon see what the system is costing them.

And now enforced starvation is hailed as a blessing by the capitalist class. We are told we have been eating too much. They who have been eating too much are not the fellows who are doing the starving.

Now that the capitalists have got a strangle hold on all governments and enough people have been killed to satisfy the Malthusian theory, we ought to have peace.

The real meaning of the President's note was that the armament trust wants another appropriation of \$750,000,000, and a scare was necessary in order to put it thru.

LONDON DEFENDS LABOR DEPARTMENT.

Meyer London, the lone Socialist in congress, put up an energetic fight in congress the other day for additional support for the Department of Labor, pointing out the increasing necessity of such a department and denouncing those who would strip it of power. He said:

"I fear that there is a failure to appreciate the importance of the work of the Department of Labor, and particularly of the Bureau of Labor Statistics. The Department of Labor is one of the most important departments."

"There is not the slightest doubt but that the next Congress will be concerned with labor legislation to a greater extent than any other kind of legislation. With the growing intelligence of the great industrial masses the Congress of the United States will be compelled to take up one labor measure after another."

"The preparation and systematizing of knowledge on all subjects relating to labor must precede intelligent legislation. The Bureau of Labor Statistics asks for an increased appropriation so that it may continue the study of collective bargaining, so that it may improve the method of collating industrial accident statistics, and make a study of the condition of labor in the coal-mining industry."

"Take the list of contemplated publications. Additional publications in course of preparation: Wholesale prices; retail prices; wages and hours of labor in the cotton, woolen, boot and shoe, lumber, and iron and steel industries, and special studies of occupations and processes in these industries; studies of the productivity of labor by occupations in the lumber industry, the boot and shoe industry, and the cotton and woolen industries; union scale of wages; trade schools for girls in Massachusetts; workmen's compensation laws and their administration; accidents and accident prevention in the machine, building, and iron and steel industries; causes of death in cotton-mill occupations; causes of death in industrial employment, as shown by experience of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Co.; hygiene of the printing trades; mortality from consumption in dusty trades; labor laws and court decisions; administration of labor laws in various States; standards of safety and hygiene in industry required by law or regulation in the different States; foreign labor legislation; wages and working conditions of street railway labor in the United States; profit sharing; what establishment bureaus of employment are doing to reduce the labor turnover and increase regularity of employment; employers' welfare work; work of State and municipal employment bureaus; sick-benefit funds of trade-unions and of establishments; proceedings of annual meetings of international associations of industrial accident boards and commissions and of the American Association of Public Employment Offices; effect of workmen's compensation laws in connection with fatal industrial accidents in minimizing the necessity of the industrial employment of women and children; coal-mine labor legislation in Pennsylvania; protection of the health of workers engaged in the manufacture of high explosives and of coal-tar dyes; housing of working people by employers in the United States; report of the President's board for standardization of first-aid methods; handbook of occupational diseases; purposes and work of the Bureau of Labor Statistics; vocational experience by young people in Boston; a study of the work of State boards of arbitration and conciliation; and the beginning of a series of reports on the history of American trade-unions."

"The work of the bureau should not be thwarted. Congress should be more liberal in appropriating funds for the study of those vital problems, so that we may all know more about those things than we know now."



OLD YEAR: Comrade, if you go the way that sign post points, you will put fear in the heart of capitalism.

THE CALL OF THE WILD

By JACK LONDON.

Copyright By Jack London.

Chapter I. INTO THE PRIMITIVE.

"Old longings nomadic leap, Chafing at custom's chain; Again from its brumal sleep Wakens the ferine strain."

BUCK did not read the newspapers, or he would have known that trouble was brewing, not alone for himself, but for every tide-water dog, strong of muscle and with warm, long hair, from Puget Sound to San Diego. Because men, groping in the Arctic darkness, had found a yellow metal, and because steamship and transportation companies were booming the find, thousands of men were rushing into the Northland. These men wanted dogs, and the dogs they wanted were heavy dogs, with strong muscles by which to toil, and furry coats to protect them from the frost.

Buck lived in a big house in the sun-kissed Santa Clara Valley. Judge Miller's place, it was called. It stood back from the road, half hidden among the trees, thru which glimpses could be caught of the wide cool veranda that ran around its four sides. The house was approached by gravelled drive-ways which wound about thru wide-spreading lawns and under the interlacing boughs of tall poplars. At the rear things were on even a more spacious scale than at the front. There were great stables, where a dozen grooms and boys held forth, rows of vine-clad servants' cottages, an endless and orderly array of outhouses, long grape berry patches, orchards, and, in the bumping plant for the artesian well, and the big cement tank where Judge Miller's boys took their morning plunge and kept cool in the hot afternoon.

And over this great demesne Buck ruled. Here he was born, and here he had lived the four years of his life. It was true, there were other dogs. There could not but be other dogs on so vast a place, but they did not count. They came and went, resided in the populous kennels, or lived obscurely in the recesses of the house after the fashion of Toots, the Japanese pug, or Ysabel, the Mexican hairless, strange creatures that rarely put nose out of doors or set foot to ground. On the other hand, there were the fox terriers, a score of them at least, who yelped fearful promises at Toots and Ysabel looking out of the windows at them and protected by a legion of housemaids armed with brooms and mops.

But Buck was neither house-dog nor kennel-dog. The whole realm was his. He plunged into the swimming tank or went hunting with the Judge's sons; he escorted Mollie and Alice, the Judge's daughters, on long twilight or early morning rambles; on wintry nights he lay at the Judge's feet before the roaring library fire; he carried the Judge's grandsons on his back, or rolled them in the grass, and guarded their footsteps thru

wild adventures down to the fountain in the stable yard, and even beyond, where the paddocks were, and the berry patches. Among the terriers he stalked imperiously, and Toots and Ysabel he utterly ignored, for he was king,—king over all creeping, crawling, flying things of Judge Miller's place, humans included.

His father, Elmo, a huge St. Bernard, had been the Judge's inseparable companion, and Buck bid fair to follow in the way of his father. He was not so large,—he weighed only one hundred and forty pounds,—for his mother, Shep, had been a Scotch shepherd dog. Nevertheless, one hundred and forty pounds, to which was added the dignity that comes of good living and universal respect, enabled him to carry himself in right royal fashion. During the four years since his puppyhood he had lived the life of a sated aristocrat; he had a fine pride in himself, was ever a trifle egotistical, as country gentlemen sometimes become because of their insular situation. But he had saved himself by not becoming a mere pampered house-dog. Hunting and kindred outdoor delights had kept down the fat and hardened his muscles; and to him, as to the cold-tubbing races, the love of water had been a tonic and a health preserver.

And this was the manner of dog Buck was in the fall of 1897, when the Klondike strike dragged men from all the world into the frozen North. But Buck did not read the newspapers, and he did not know that Manuel, one of the gardener's helpers, was an undesirable acquaintance. Manuel had one besetting sin. He loved to play Chinese lottery. Also, in his gambling, he had one besetting weakness—faith in a system; and this made his damnation certain. For to play a system requires money, while the wages of a gardener's helper do not lap over the needs of a wife and numerous progeny.

The Judge was at a meeting of the Raisin Growers' Association, and the boys were busy organizing an athletic club, on the memorable night of Manuel's treachery. No one saw him and Buck go off thru the orchard on what Buck imagined was merely a stroll. And with the exception of a solitary man, no one saw them arrive at the little flag station known as College Park. This man talked with Manuel, and money chinked between them.

"You might wrap up the goods before you deliver 'em," the stranger said gruffly, and Manuel doubled a piece of stout rope around Buck's neck under the collar.

"Twist it an' you'll choke 'm plente," said Manuel, and the stranger grunted a ready affirmative. Buck had accepted the rope with quiet dignity. To be sure, it was an unwanted performance; but he had learned to trust in men he knew, and to give them credit for a wisdom that outstripped his own. But when the ends of the rope were placed in the stranger's hands, he growled menacingly.

(Continued On Last Page)

February Leaflet

The Recent Election

By JOHN M. WORK.

ALL THINGS work together for Socialism.

The Socialist movement is like the rock of Gibraltar, whose base is planted deep in the earth and whose majestic head rises serene thru sun and rain, zephyr and tempest.

Mere temporary superficial illusory circumstances matter little to such a movement. Whether we get a few thousand votes more or less is of slight consequence. We know that the sentiment in favor of Socialism grows constantly, and that in good time we will get enough votes to put us in power.

AT THE recent election thousands of voters who are on the verge of Socialism thought it was best to pass by the Socialist party temporarily and vote for what they believed to be the lesser of two evils.

In this they were deplorably mistaken. The way to get concessions from the two old parties is by voting against them. The republican and democratic parties both stand for the continuation of the present private ownership of the industries—capitalism—which enables the few to rob the many. They therefore stand for the continuation of the frightful evils which now beset us—poverty, overwork, crime, suicide, insanity, prostitution, intemperance, degrading charity, the menace of war, fear of want, the high cost of living, and all the rest of the wretched brood of capitalism.

Yet those two parties sometimes make concessions which ease up the strain at least a little. They make these concessions only when the Socialist vote becomes so large that they are scared into concessions lest they should lose the next election. The past has amply demonstrated the truth of these statements. The "good laws" adopted since 1912 have been wholly due to the big Socialist vote of that year.

IT IS therefore a certainty that an immense Socialist vote at the recent election would have meant that the party in power—no matter whether it were the democratic or the republican party—would make important concessions in the way of favorable laws. The party in power would, for example, be frightened into really lowering the cost of living, even if it was necessary to make the railroads, coal mines, shoe factories and other industries public property in order to do so. And it would make other valuable concessions. Had the many thousands of voters who are on the verge of Socialism been wise enough to discern these facts, the next four years would be much easier and happier years. Unfortunately they did not have enough wisdom to do this. They have deliberately handed their one great weapon over to the enemy, and the masses of the people of the United States are under the necessity of taking the consequences.

But there is no regretting the past. The invincible Socialist movement tosses all these things aside and faces the future with the victorious confidence of a master. We know that the future is ours. We know that Socialism is the next stage of civilization. We know that the people make these mistakes out of ignorance, because "they know not what they do." We know that the people will vote for Socialism as soon as they realize the truth. It is ours to see that they do realize the truth. "Ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free."

LISTEN, THEN, and let me tell you the truth. All of the social evils by which we are surrounded—widespread poverty in the midst of plenty, the high cost of living, overwork, the menace of unemployment, the fear of want, the degradation of charity, the curse of crime, drunkenness, insanity, suicide and prostitution, the threat of war, the reign of graft and corruption—these and all the other social evils have one basic cause.

That cause is the private ownership of the industries. Under the present capitalist system of industry, nearly all of the manufacturing, transporting and mercantile industries are owned by private corporations or private individuals. So are the rented houses, flats, stores and office buildings.

The private owners use all of these industries and properties for the purpose of enriching themselves. The wage workers are dependent upon them for a chance to earn a living. Therefore, they have the power to pay the wage workers only a fraction of the value of their labor, and they unhesitatingly do so. They also have the power to put the prices of their goods and the rental of their buildings out of sight, and they unhesitatingly do that also.

FOR THIS reason, the incomes of the masses of the people are so small, and the prices and rents so high, that the people live a mere hand to mouth existence. They are unremittingly poor for a bare living. They have neither the time nor the money to take advantage of them. They are deprived of the opportunity to develop their higher faculties and make their lives really worth living. They are compelled to starve themselves mentally, morally and spiritually, in order to keep from starving physically.

But it is just as easy to put your finger on the remedy for this condition as it is to put your finger on the cause.

The cause is the private ownership of the industries. The remedy is the public ownership of the industries.

LET THE industries and buildings now used for the purpose of exploiting the people be collectively owned and controlled. Owned by the public. Owned by the people in their sovereign capacity.

Then the people will get the benefit. The wage workers will receive their full earnings. The parasites will be put down to the actual cost of production. Thus the parasites will be thrown off and the useful people will get the benefit.

Not only is this the remedy, but it is the only remedy. You can think the problem up one side and down the other, but you will not be able to arrive at any other remedy, because this one—collective ownership and control—Socialism—is the only remedy there is. Regulation and all sorts of other humbugs have been tried and have failed. You ought now to be about ready to try the real thing.

WE INVITE you to make the most searching investigation of Socialism. You will find it exactly as represented. And you will then join forces with us to bring it about.

To you and yours this is entirely too important a matter to brush aside. It means all the difference between success and failure in life. Investigate. It costs you but a trifle to do so.

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Two Busy Socialists

Abraham I. Shipplacoff and Joseph A. Whitehorn, the two Socialists in the New York state assembly, are going to be very busy during the coming session. Here are some of the measures they will introduce and push for approval:

Industrial Measures.

1. Prohibiting employment of children under 18.
2. General compulsory eight-hour work day bill.
3. Increase in the number of state factory inspectors.
4. State insurance against old age, sickness, disability and unemployment.
5. Extension of the workmen's compensation act to include all workers, and to provide compensation equal to the full loss in wages.
6. Maternity insurance.
7. Pensions for widows, which will be mandatory upon all municipalities in the state.
8. Exemption of labor union funds from liability to employers.
9. Prohibiting injunctions in labor disputes.
10. Trial by jury in cases of contempt of court.
11. Prohibiting importation of strike-breakers.
12. Suppression of private police and strikebreaking agencies.
13. Prohibition of home work.

Political Measures.

1. Repeal of the Walsh, Slater and Stivers ("Bloody Five") militarist laws.
2. Extension of the suffrage to all who have declared their intention to become citizens and who have resided in the country for three years and in the state for thirty days.
3. Initiative, referendum and proportional representation.
4. Home rule for municipalities.
5. Direct election of city magistrates and trial by jury in all offenses punishable by imprisonment.
6. Abolition of the right of the courts to declare unconstitutional any act passed by the Legislature.
7. Compulsory school attendance of all children under 18.
8. Abolition of the death penalty.
9. Prohibition of discrimination against any publication.

General Measures.

1. Permission to municipalities to engage in any industries or business relating to foodstuffs or farm products they may deem necessary.
2. Acquisition and maintenance of pasteurization plants, milk stations and dairy farms.
3. State ownership and operation of market terminals for the marketing of farm products, coal and ice.
4. State owned and operated cold-storage plants.
5. Creation of a commission to regulate food prices.

It is a reflection on the intelligence of the working class that a strong group of Socialists was not elected to every state legislature in the nation to push similar measures.

Have You Read The Debaters' Manual by J. O. Welday.

This is a book that we have been waiting for. The old style High School text books had to do for our teachers on public speaking and debating until something better was found, but we have that "something better" right now in this book by Comrade Welday.

There is no dead wood here. Fifty live, up-to-the-minute subjects are presented both in the affirmative and in the negative, and it is a monument to the fairness of the author that he did not allow his very evident inclination toward one side of the argument blind him to the strength and justice of the other side's position. So we see that in the subject of socialism the negative side does not raise any silly objections that can be dismissed with a wave of the hand—it attacks (or seems to, at least) the very scientific foundations of our movement. It denies its progressive nature and charges a reversion to primitive barbarian communism, charges that socialism would bring decreasing abilities and increasing needs, that it would undermine religion and thus lower the moral tone of the people, and finally that it is too good to be true, hence impossible of attainment. Of course it would be a simple matter for a well informed socialist to refute this charges, but it would make a mighty interesting debate if presented by capable people.

Among other up-to-date subjects are: Compulsory arbitration, Compulsory Vaccination, Preparedness, Political Party for Organized Labor, Sabotage, State Constabulary, Vivisection, etc.

The introduction contains a fine up-to-date statement on means and methods of arranging a debate, preparation, choice of judges, etc. And this is sure to be found of value to many of our organizations who desire to arrange debates.

Altogether, it is the best book yet out on this subject written for the use of earnest students of modern affairs. Every local of the Socialist Party and of the Young Peoples' Socialist League should own and make constant use of a copy of this book. Mr. Welday was instructor of Public Speaking and Debating in the Oklahoma City High School for six years and is well qualified to speak with authority on the subject. W. F. K. Debaters' Manual, by J. O. Welday. Pub. by Appeal to Reason, Girard, Kans. Price \$1.50.

The official announcement of the vote received by Eugene V. Debs in the Fifth Congressional District of Indiana has been announced. Comrade Debs received 8,866; Moss, Democrat 20,285; Sanders, Republican 20,977; Howorth, Progressive, 1,536. As was to be expected the two exclusively agricultural counties in the district gave Debs the smallest vote while the mining and industrial counties gave him the largest vote. Vigo, Debs's home county gave him 4,998.

IN THE WORLD OF LABOR.

By Max S. Hayes.

OVER 800 newspapers have been forced to suspend publication during the present year on account of the unparalleled increase in the cost of white paper.

Hundreds more are struggling desperately to keep afloat and are living on hope that "something will be done," whatever that may be, to rescue them from their sorry plight.

On top of this calamitous condition, the politicians at Washington, instead of taking some sane action to relieve the situation, are discussing a proposition to raise second class postal rates, thus adding still further to the cost of printing newspapers and magazines, and, on the other hand, to reduce the income of those publications by enacting a law prohibiting the printing and circulating of liquor advertisements.

The old-party organs that have been yelping for the election of those politicians are now being given brilliant examples of incompetence and positive viciousness of their pets—those same organs would doubtless support insane men for office if the bosses ordered them to do so.

Unfortunately, newspapers entirely innocent of supporting the fakirs who pose as statesmen are forced to suffer with those that are guilty.

Pile it on! Most of the publishers are only intellectual prostitutes or yellow-streaked cowards, anyhow. They talk big occasionally, but they take their orders from the unbridled plutocracy just the same, and in confidence a lot of them admit it.

SOME WELL-KNOWN citizens of Milwaukee held a meeting to discuss social insurance a few evenings ago. Health insurance will prove a big factor in the prevention of disease, said Dr. Louis Jermain. "Just as the workmen's compensation act tends to lessen industrial accidents, so will health insurance lessen industrial sickness, because the workman will be directly benefitted. Medical men are not afraid of the law; their attitude is one of studious interest and cooperation." That 85 per cent of the dependent cases which come to the attention of the Associated Charities each year are caused by sickness, was the contention of the Rev. W. H. Greenman. "The hiring and firing idea is costly and must give way to the method of holding employees," he said. Hornell Hart, civic secretary of the City Club, quoted statistics to show that the larger percentage of sickness is among the poorer class. He said that 40,000 persons were sick in various degrees in Milwaukee in a single day, and that the economic loss to the workers "totals about \$3,000,000 a year in Milwaukee. This indicates that there is a general awakening all along the line to replace charity with something better."

A LEGAL test that is probably second only in importance to that of the United Hatters famous case will soon be decided by the United States Supreme Court. The United Mine Workers and the American Flint Glass Workers are defendants. In arguments in Washington this week the Hitchman Coal & Coke Co. and the Virginia Manufacturing Co., of West Virginia, seek permanent injunctions against the respective unions to prevent solicitation of members among their employees who are under specific contract not to join the unions. Such solicitation, the companies contend, violate constitutional liberty of contract. The West Virginia corporations' attorneys told the court that the unions operate in restraint of trade, while the unions' counsel declared that the non-union employment contracts restrain trade by barring out all union workmen. There are several other damage suits pending against the miners in Pennsylvania and Arkansas that will be more or less affected by the decision rendered in the case now before the Supreme Court.

THE red-hot political row in Australia over the issue of conscription didn't seem to hurt the labor peace to the workers' "total abstinence" imposed by the renegade Labor Premier Hughes and the boycotts of Big Biz. The Echo, a new labor daily established in Victoria during the conscription fight, sold its first edition of 15,000 in two hours and now has a daily circulation of 50,000. Other newspapers also note large increases in their subscriptions and are more popular and eagerly read than at any time in the country's history.

BERGOFF Bros. & Waddell, "labor adjusters," 120 Liberty Street, New York, are such no more. They're just an ordinary strikebreaking agency. The State of New York has taken from them their license to operate as "private detectives," under which they masked their operations. The Bergoffs & Waddell have become known for their part in furnishing strikebreakers and professional labor upholders. The Colorado, West Virginia and Michigan mine strikes, the oil workers' upheavals in Bayonne, and the car strike in New York all give testimony to their activities. On the complaint of two strikebreakers that the agency withheld their pay for car strike work, State Controller Eugene M. Travis late in September temporarily suspended the agency's "detective" license. Controller Travis then ordered an examination of the company's books. Rather than submit this scrutiny of their business methods, the firm voluntarily relinquished all title to the license and have since operated as a simple strike breaking center. The "explanation" given by the firm for refusal to permit examination of its books was that it didn't find the "detective" license of much value, anyway, and could get along without it.

Peace Editorials

SHOULD NOT TALK OF GOD.

From The New York Call.

For his nose was sharp as a pen, and he babbled o' green fields. 'How, now, Sir John?' quoth I. "What, man! Be of good cheer!" So he cried out: "God! God! God!" three or four times; now, I, to comfort him, bid him he should not think of God: I hoped there was no reason to trouble himself with any such thoughts yet. —Henry V. Act 2, Scene 3.

Now, that peace is the subject of discussion in Europe, it is natural, perhaps, that men's tongues should babble about God when faced with the unknown, with the chances of peace or war in the balance.

And so we have the Kaiser, apparently in a somewhat chastened spirit, declaring to his troops that whether his enemies will accept his peace proffer or not, he does not know. The pious monarch continued, according to the press reports:

The act is in God's hands, as is our whole struggle. He will decide upon it, and we will leave it to Him. We must not argue with what He orders.

There is a note of Christian resignation in this utterance which is largely missing in previous royal announcements from the same source. It may seem more pious to many, but there is much more reason for believing that it is inspired by a growing sense of uncertainty, which did not exist at the beginning of the struggle.

Not to be outdone in piety, however, Mr. Lloyd George, in his comments on the peace offer, remarks in a somewhat more confident tone that

We accepted this war for an object, and a world object, and the war will end when the object is attained, under God. I hope it will never end until that time.

And this pronouncement sounds something like an anticipated triumph of faith, in contrast to the uncertainty of the other. But what God really thinks of both utterances is problematical. There is certainly some apparent reason for believing that He would much rather these bloody-handed gentlemen would leave Him out of the gory mess; that they "should not think of God; that there is no reason to trouble themselves with any such thoughts yet," as poor old Dame Quickly observed to the dying Falstaff.

It is people of this type that do more to dishonor God and banish the idea of His existence from among men than all the materialistic atheists of Germany and England ever produced. Their apparent solicitude about God, whom they transform into a petty national deity—German or British, as the case may be—is irresistibly provoked the thought that their respective "gods" are really fiends superintending the slaughter of mankind. Compared with their horrible conceptions of deity, the alleged Socialist indifference to God becomes a tribute of the highest possible respect. The Scottish poet, Robert Burns, who was never popularly accounted as a "religious" person himself, well voiced this sentiment of decent-thinking people when, on the occasion of a Te Deum for some bloody victory, he wrote:

"Ye hypocrites, be these your pranks:
To murder men and give God thanks!
For shame! Give o'er! Proceed no further!
God won't accept your thanks for murder."

AMERICA AND PEACE.

From The Milwaukee Leader.

If the allied governments should refuse upon peace negotiations, Germany will be bound by the obligation upon it to use every means at its disposal to strike its enemies to employ its submarines to the limit in destroying Great Britain's merchant ships and in preventing munitions and food supplies from reaching English ports.

If no other reason existed, if there were no demands of humanity upon it, the United States should feel the need to help in promoting peace to avoid the complications that may arise when its commerce with the world shall be cut off its ports virtually closed, and its industries paralyzed thru the British navy on the one hand shutting out commerce with Germany and its allies and the German submarines preventing shipments to the ports of Great Britain, France and Russia.

If it shall come to a war of extermination—if it shall come to a war to the knife and the knife to the hilt—the United States is bound to be kept in a turmoil and threatened with embroilment with Germany, if it shall undertake the impossible task of refreezing the war according to the rules which President Wilson has prescribed.

Self-interest, we should think, if other reasons are to be ignored, should move the government at Washington to cast its influence in the scales at this time for peace—not for a victorious peace as the Kaiser boasts to his army, or a peace as the allied statesmen have dreamed of with Germany crushed and the world divided between the conquerors, but a peace that will avoid planting the seeds of future wars.

If the nations should bind themselves to disarm, if they should agree to throw off the crushing burdens of great navies and large armies, they could soon recover from the destruction of wealth which the war has caused. The lives lost can not be restored. The maimed and the cripples can not be made whole. But if the nations shall be united, if they shall band themselves in a league of peace, if they shall cease to erect discriminating tariff walls, if they shall seek to remove the causes of war, all of the agony and waste and destruction will not have been made in vain.

In the work of regeneration, the United States should lead. Europe is its mother country. Its people have sprung from every nation and tribe within the warring countries. Living at peace among themselves, they, more than any other people, should be able to serve the war-worn peoples of Europe who long for a way out, yet who can find no path leading to peace.

The Glad Tidings Of Socialism

WHEN one first becomes a Socialist, it seems to him that everybody ought to be able to see the truth and rejoice in it.

He knows that he has glad tidings of great joy for the human race. He knows that if the race would accept and act upon these glad tidings, all the monstrous evils of society would vanish, and peace and happiness would take their places. This is perfectly plain to him, and he expects it to be equally plain to others. He is therefore puzzled and disappointed when most of them reject his glad tidings and look upon him as being more or less dippy.

He has reckoned without one of the big factors in human life.

MOSE PEOPLE are governed more by tradition and emotion than by reason.

Only a small percentage of the people have such thoro control of themselves that they can calmly look a proposition in the face, decide whether or not it is the truth, and, if it is the truth, espouse it.

The vast majority of the people have to first get rid of the opposing traditions and emotions before their intellects can act.

THEY ARE governed, not by their consciousness, but by their subconsciousness.

In their subconsciousness, by which they are governed, are stored up all the prejudices, traditions and instincts of past generations and ages, except such as have already been replaced by more recent substitutes.

Place a new idea before them, and they examine it, not with their intellects, but with these old prejudices, traditions and instincts.

Consequently, before they can accept a new idea, they have to have time to get rid of these spooks of the past.

THIS IS a gradual process. It takes time. But it is a sure process. This is proved by the fact that the total number of Socialists constantly increases, and by the further fact that the prejudice against Socialism constantly becomes less and less.

The glad tidings of Socialism will indeed bring salvation to a stricken world.

But we must reconcile ourselves to the fact that, in order to get the world to accept and act upon these glad tidings, it is necessary for us to press the truth upon the people with patient, persistent, sustained effort.

IT CANNOT be done with one big burst of enthusiasm.

We have to wear away, the old prejudices little by little. It is slow. But it is sure.

Therefore, you impatient ones who have deserted because you could not get Socialism at one fell swoop, get back in line and go to work for the cause.

Score Of Socialists In Dozen Legislatures

THIS MONTH marks the opening of the state legislatures in nearly all the states of the union.

The Socialists will be there. This time we will have a score of representatives in a dozen states.

Thus the opening of the state legislatures this year marks the opening of another advance for the cause of labor and Socialism.

A number of features will characterize the legislative work of the Socialists this winter. In the first place, the Socialist program is stronger, its measures more carefully drawn and its defense more complete and effective than ever before.

Great Problems.

Great problems confront the people of the nation. The unprecedented distress, the high cost of living and, most of all, the tragic effects and menace of the European war, with its threat of a militaristic stampede, make the present a real crisis in the affairs of the nation.

Our Socialist congressman is dealing with these matters in the national legislature.

State Problems.

In the state legislatures, the problems of the state and municipality will be met. The bills introduced will offer the Socialist solution of the economic and civic problems involved.

Some Of The Measures.

Among the big problems to which special attention will be given this winter, are the following:

1. The unemployed, concerning which it is proposed to develop a program combining the best of all proposals and measures that have been advanced.
2. Workmen's compensation, to which a great amount of attention is now being given everywhere.
3. General labor measures which will cover hours of labor, wages, conditions, etc.
4. Proportional representation will be urged everywhere.
5. Public defense, in order to bring justice within the reach of the poor.
6. High cost of living will be attacked by a whole series of socialistic measures that will really bring it down.
7. State ownership of grain elevators, cold storage plants and distributing centers, to bring the producers and consumers together, thus helping both farmer and wage earners.
8. Peace program, as outlined by the manifesto of the National Executive Committee of the Socialist Party, the 1916 national platform,

and resolutions against increase of armaments and favoring world peace.

9. Loans to farmers and other agricultural measures.

10. Public ownership of flour mills, creameries, state farms and other public utilities.

11. Woman suffrage measures to be introduced in every state where they are not yet in force.

12. Universal eight hour laws.

13. Full crew laws for the trainmen.

14. Double platoon system for firemen.

15. Home rule for cities.

16. Federal employes—resolutions calling for the repeal of the rulings of the Civil Service Commission, which are destroying the political and personal liberties of the employes of the federal government.

17. Poll tax laws to be repealed, where they still exist.

All these and many other measures which it is not necessary to enumerate here, but which constitute a part of the constructive program of the Socialist party, will be carefully drawn and adequately briefed and thus urged upon the legislatures.

We look forward with confidence, believing that a fair proportion of our measures will be successful. It has been so in the past. So rational, so logical and so necessary are these measures that they cannot be long delayed.

As we have pointed out before, in our pamphlet on "The Legislative Program of the Socialist Party," thus far 141 of the measures introduced by socialists in various state legislatures have been enacted into law.

It is reasonable to expect, with our strong representation and the growing acuteness of our social and industrial conditions, that more and ever more of our measures must go thru.

MAYOR-ELECT Thomas Van Lear, of Minneapolis, has been advising some of the Eastern workers what he believes should be their policy. More knowledge of "practical politics" is needed by the Socialist party, according to Van Lear. "What the Socialist party needs now," says Van Lear, "is a school in practical politics. A great many persons object to the phrase 'practical politics.' However, if we don't find some way to meet the old-time politicians on their own battleground and overcome them, the Socialist party will never amount to very much. Because of this lack of knowledge of practical politics the party lost the last two Mayoralty elections preceding my election. One was stolen. The other was taken from us by a piece of political trickery. We knew so little then that we thought all we had to do was to convince the people that they ought to vote for us, and then we could go home and go to bed."

ARE YOU ON TO TRICKS

OF THE CAPITALIST PRESS?

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POISONING NEWS?

Do You Know How They Lie About You and Your Class?

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By Max Sherover.

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Parable Of The Hunter

By OSCAR AMERINGER.

Once upon a time there lived in the Land of Stars and Stripes, a mighty hunter, by the name of Eagle-eye. This man could hit the left hind leg of a flying mosquito four hundred yards off. But, alas, he had no gun. Whereupon he hiked himself to "Old Man" Bat-eye, who was blind and lame but who owned many guns. And Eagle-eye spoke unto Bat-eye also: "Lord! I am a hunter without a gun; wherefore the wife of my bosom is cleansing the soiled garments of your wife, and my children cry papers in the wilderness of Chicago while my stomach is empty as the House of the Lord in summer time. Therefore, I beseech thee, let me have one of your guns that I may follow my vocation, which is that of a hunter of quails; so that I, too, may eat, drink and be merry."

Then up spake Bat-eye and said: "Gladly will I lend you a gun, for I, too, crave hot birds, cold bottles and warm babies, but for the use of my capital (as guns are called in the lingo of the chosen few) thou must give unto me four quails out of every five you shoot."

Eats Only The Fifth Quail.

This looked fair and reasonable to the hunter, for he was sorely pressed and up a stump from which he could not descend. Therefore he accepted the terms of Bat-eye and fetched to him four quails out of every five, but the fifth one he ate himself.

This lone bird filled but a small part of his inners and he was hungry most of the time and then Bat-eye would slap him on the back and say: "I'd give a million quails to have your appetite!" But he never did.

Sometimes when he was weary, wet and worried, Eagle-eye would bemoan his lot and curse for having been born. At such times Holyman, the sooth-sayer, who ate at the table of Bateye, would come to him with incantations and promises of mansions on the other side of the silver lining. He also spoke much of golden harps.

Eagle-eye thought these things were good to eat and was made happy again.

Works For Many Years.

Thus he worked for many years, until his eyes became too dull and his legs too wabby to shoot birds. But his appetite was as good as ever, when Bat-eye gave the gun to a younger hunter with clear eyes and steady legs. Thereupon Eagle-eye, who had eaten less every year as he grew older, quit eating altogether and gave up his ghost.

Holyman preached the funeral sermon and spake much of Providence, dust and being called home to the mansion above the clouds; whereupon a crazy man laughed and said: "If Eagle-eye had a gun of his own he could have kept all the birds he shot and he would now be still among the living, sporting a red nose and a shining bald spot and sitting in the front row at the Gayety." But all the people called this man loony and scoffed him, and laughed him to scorn and said he was a dreamer, for even a fool knoweth that guns are made for some to own and for others to use.

A miner without a mine, a shoemaker without a shoe factory, a farmer without land, are in the same predicament as is the hunter without a gun. They cannot follow their vocations unless they get the use of capital or land belonging to the other fellow.

Heart And Soul Of Capitalism.

The heart and soul of capitalism is the separation of ownership and labor and the resultant division of mankind in two classes, one of which owns the means of life and does not use them, the other that uses the means of life and does not own them.

This arrangement allows a few people to live without work and forces the many to work without getting a living.

The aim of Socialism is to bring about a union between ownership and labor by making the means of production the common property of all the people.

The principal means of life are controlled by great aggregations of capital, commonly called trusts. These giant combinations, by forcing the wages of labor down to the very minimum of subsistence and by charging for their products all that the traffic will bear, have become a serious menace to the well-being of the American people, and all kinds of remedies are advocated against the evils of monopoly.

SOCIALIST PEACE VIEWS.

Opinions of various prominent European Socialists, among others, as to whether the peace proposals of the central powers should be accepted or rejected by the entente and their constructive suggestions for a proposed peace at The Hague of the Neutral Conference for Continuous Mediation, resulting from Henry Ford's peace movement. Among the answers received are the following:

Hjalmar Branting, the Swedish Socialist leader, said:

"Germany, by continuing the Belgian deportations, has shown the unbroken power of her militaristic spirit. A demand for a full definition of war aims must be put forward by democratic parties on both sides as the starting point for a common movement toward peace."

Carl Lindhagen, Socialist mayor of Stockholm, declared that impartial judges must be uneasy with regard to peace making as proposed by Germany. The entente nations, he said, should state their conditions.

Pieter J. Troelstra, the Dutch Socialist leader, replied:

"German proposal could hardly contain anything other than the general declaration of readiness to begin negotiations, but the proposal should have included a declaration of readiness to cooperate in the establishment of an international association to insure a durable peace."

The latest statistics of the French Labor Department show that by the close of the war there will be at least 1,750,000 more women than men in the Republic. How the French capitalists must love war as they contemplate all the cheap labor of the future.

Henry Dubb Takes The Pledge To Please Mrs. Grab-it-all



Universal Military Training To Be Forced On United States

By LUCIEN SAINT.

Washington.—Universal military training is coming. It is demanded by the preparedness crowd, and the Government is very nearly ready to obey. In its first form it will probably be voluntary, later changing to compulsory.

This prediction is carefully made. It is based on years of experience in Washington. The writer has no George Harvey reputation as a political prophet to maintain, but he has hit it right before this, and he is equally positive this time. If this prophecy is correct, it is of the utmost importance to the working class of the United States.

Today the working class of the United States is the working class of the only first rate world power untrained and unaccustomed to arms. This is mere fact. Before or since the war the working class of Germany, England, Russia, France and Italy were trained to be soldiers. This, also, is mere fact. The capitalistic and controlling governments of these nations have driven them and their peoples into war. The capitalistic and controlling elements in this nation, beholding this spectacle, and realizing that they have no armed, trained and obedient working class to call to their support, are now thoroughly alarmed.

least the governments which are armed should sail across the ocean and take their ill-gotten gains from them. This alarm, this distrust of other capitalistic cliques, is one element back of the preparedness movement.

Wilson Forced To Listen.

The preparedness movement had to fight its way to a hearing with the present Democratic Administration. At first Wilson would not listen to it. Later he was forced to listen to it. Later still he signed bills establishing a bigger land defense system and a greater sea defense system than had ever been dreamed possible. In order to save his fortunes and uphold his Mexican policy, he utilized the armed forces of the nation in a grand mobilization on the border.

Today the United States, as a result of these things, regards armies and soldiers in an entirely different light from what it did even three years ago. The soldier is growing in popularity. Going to training camps is socially the thing among the upper classes. Red Cross schools are attended by the ladies of our first and richest families. Men in uniform are a common spectacle on the streets. The American flag is cheered on the stage, and every soldier seen in a movie causes more thrills than the out-of-date cowboy. These are facts, and we must reckon with them.

Various forces are at work for universal training. It is a self-delusion to suppose that the movement is financed solely or influenced completely by the munitions makers.

What are we going to do about it? Preaching pure pacifism and simply and solely denouncing armies, navies, and militarism, will, in this writer's opinion, accomplish nothing. This method has been tried in other countries and has failed. Herve's anti-militarists in France could neither prevent the war nor forestall universal service. Altho the anti-militarists in the United States presented ably their case before the Congress, the public, and in person before the President himself, they were unable to check the tide that swept thru to passage the big military bills of last summer.

Bryan, for example, with his large personal following, made scarcely a dent on the armor of the military wing. In my opinion, the time for agitation against preparedness has gone. What the working class now needs is to realize that universal and probably compulsory training is certain, and that economic necessity compels them to adjust their policy to a world in which this is an outstanding and dominant fact.

History Of Aldrich Bill.

When Victor Berger, the first Socialist Congressman, was serving his term in Washington, the writer one day discussed with him the then pending and alarming Aldrich bill, the bill which aimed to perfect the union between the United States Government and the Central Money Powers, call to the benefit of the latter. The writer expressed his feeling that a gigantic organization of money would be a menace to democracy. Berger replied: "It looks that way on paper, but I am not afraid of money because money can be taken away from those who hold it"—or words to that general effect.

What happened to the Aldrich bill proved Berger's point. It was so raw a proposition that it was defeated, and the party that proposed it was thrown out of power. In the Wilson administration, the bill was essential-

ly enacted, but with the United States Government getting the better of the bargain with the people controlling.

In short, if the Government is in the hands of the people, every man Jack could go around in uniform with a cannon in his belt and there would not be the danger of war that there is today in an unarmed or half armed nation in the control of capitalist or military minded men.

Fight For Share In Government.

That is the whole story. The fight for the working class of the United States to make today is, first and foremost, to fight for their share in the government. Till they are a power politically, their counsels as to government will not be listened to. There is no use fighting against preparedness blindly. There is a good deal of use fighting against undemocratic abuses in the army system, snobbery, waste and graft. But there is no value today in the tactics employed a couple of years ago.

Let the people own their government, and throw preparedness into the scrap heap if they find that they do not need it, but if they do need it, they will know how to use it for the advantage of the people, not for the advantage of the capitalists.

From The Wall Street Tatler
A WONDERFUL DISCOVERY

By WILLIS ANDREWS.

In view of so much talk concerning the high cost of living and the attempt to incite a spirit of envy in the minds of the moneyless and propertyless riffraff toward the elite of the world, the Tatler felicitates its readers upon a discovery that promises to solve the food problem in a way that will forever set at rest the plaint eternally dinned into our ears about hunger and want among the plebeians.

Prof. F. Aker, of the Smithsonian Institution, in prosecuting his archaeological researches among the pyramids of Egypt, has discovered the nature of the food that produced the brawn and sinew of the people who reared the mammoth tombs of the far east. Inscribed with hieroglyphics explaining the ingredients of its contents, a petrified box has been unearthed which discloses the fact that the staple article of diet in those days was a preparation consisting of Johnson grass and alfalfa ground to a consistency of meal.

If this food was capable of imparting the strength and vigor such as men must have possessed in those days, may we not confidently look forward to its adoption by the working class of our day as a suitable substitute for the better and more costly foods that rightfully should only be within the reach of the creme de la creme of society?

This food can be very cheaply and profitably produced and sold under such euphonious names as the "Workers' Delight." Our advertising columns contain the information that brokers are already selling stock in a concern organized to exploit this article of food which is destined to prove such a boon and blessing to the poor.

MEN OR MURDERERS?

And ever since historian writ, And ever since a bard could sing, Doth each exalt with all his wit The noble art of murdering.

Tell me what find we to admire In epaulets and scarlet coats, In men because they load and fire And know the art of cutting throats?

Your orthodox historian puts In foremost ranks the soldier thus, The red coat bully in his boots. That hides the march of men from us. —Tennyson.

The Sub Card Way

If you are a busy man, and get anxious to help increase the circulation of The American Socialist, it isn't necessary to carry a subscription list with you and stop each time to enroll the name and address of the subscriber, collect the money and send it in to the office. Simply order a bunch of The American Socialist's subscription cards, at the rate of 25c each. They are post cards made in coupon, each good for a six months' subscription to The American Socialist. They are already addressed to The American Socialist and the subscriber has nothing to do but to fill in his name and address, put a one cent stamp on the card and drop it into the postoffice or mail box. Quite a quantity of these cards can be carried in the inside coat pocket and it is the easiest way yet devised for our friends to secure new subscribers. Remember they can be had for 25c each. Try the sub. card plan. We believe you'll like it.

Eugene V. Debs is laid up again at his home in Terre Haute, Ind., suffering from a breakdown due to overwork in his recent strenuous campaign. But he expects to be out again soon.

In Switzerland the Socialist party and the co-operative societies, which were formerly strongly welded together, have decided to go it alone. Members of both organizations will continue to support both, but a great deal of confusion, and jealousy will be removed as a severance of official connections.

Preacher Speaks Out

Special Correspondence.

Nashville, Tenn.—A mental "bomb" was hurled into the camp of Methodist ministers at their regular meeting this week. Rev. B. B. Eleazer, editor-in-chief of periodicals issued by the Methodist Publishing House, addressed the weekly gathering of preachers. His address, in part, follows:

"I wonder if it has occurred to most of us that the European war is exactly the same fundamentally as the economic battle that the people of the United States are waging in the daily struggle for existence. It is essentially an economic war for the means of livelihood as represented by additional territory, seaports and markets. Not conflict of ideals, but conflict of material interests brought on the struggle, for whatever reason some of the contending nations may have been drawn into it. It is just the age-long battle for bread raised to an infinite power that is making of Europe today a charnel house, a desolation, and a waste."

Horror Right At Home.

"We have occasional forestays of its horrors right here at home. Troops sheltered in armored trains shoot down striking miners; hired soldiers set fire to strikers' huts and burn to death innocent women and children; striking car men attack 'scabs' who have taken their places; groups of the unemployed are fired upon in the streets by soldiers or police. These are but outcroppings of the underlying spirit of the economic struggle that goes on all the time under the competitive system of private ownership and profits that so many of us count sacred."

"Beneath the surface of the most prosperous and peaceable times run the conflicting currents of human interest—each man for himself, and each, whether he will or not, against the rest."

"The manufacturer is concerned to produce as cheaply as possible, and to sell as dearly. Consequently he pays as low wages as men will work for and expects as high prices as men will pay. Precisely the same is true of the carrying agent and the dealer, the contractor and the farmer. Give to others as little as possible; get from others as much as this is the motto of business all along the line. The occasional notable exception only proves the rule."

Struggle Of Wage Earner.

"Nor is the attitude of the wage-earner, essentially different, except that he has no chances to take profits from the earnings of others. He struggles constantly for higher wages, for a larger share of the values he produces. He petitions, or threatens, or strikes, as the case may be, and counts the man who is willing to take his job for the same wages or less an enemy just as truly as if the two or three adjacent ranches and threw bombs at each other."

"For the vast majority of us life is one constant struggle to keep income up to the constantly rising level of outgo. The man who has a margin to the good is the exception. He who is able to hold his own is fortunate. In the meantime, we are the wealthiest nation in the world and are producing wealth faster than was ever before. There is enough for all and to spare. The trouble is in its distribution. Christ might have prophesied for this very time when he said: 'To him that hath shall be given, and from him that hath not shall be taken away.'"

Hope In Socialism.

"Where is the remedy? Will the competitive order cure its own ills, or will they rather grow worse and worse? Shall we raise wages by a high protective tariff? What use, when the very same tariff raises the cost of living in corresponding or greater degree? Shall we lower the cost of living by free trade? If so, then down go wages to match. Shall we enact anti-trust laws? Whenever was one effective?"

"But is there no remedy? I see none under the present system. Only in the public ownership of the means of production and distribution, the elimination of profits, and the substitution of cooperation for competition—in Socialism, in a word—do I see any hope of social justice, equality of opportunity, or real human brotherhood such as Jesus taught."

Rev. Eleazer's address was warmly received by his brother preachers, many of whom invited him to occupy their pulpits and explain the principles of Socialism to their audiences.

An Open Letter Urging Peace

Charles P. Trevelyan, the famous writer and statesman of Great Britain, has sent to this country by hand-messenger a remarkable open letter which has been given to the American Neutral Conference Committee, whose object is to urge our government to mediate thru a conference of neutral nations and to support the President in any effort for peace, for publication.

Charles P. Trevelyan is one of the foremost radicals in England. He is in the House of Commons and when the war broke out he resigned from the Government with Lord Morley and John Burns. He is one of the founders of the Union of Democratic Control and has spoken constantly, in spite of unpopularity, in favor of a negotiated peace. He has deprecated the cult of hatred during the war, has resisted conscription, and has defended the freedom of speech and writing in Great Britain.

Mr. Trevelyan's open letter is as follows:

Hope In United States.

In the week when Europe was rushing down into war, before I believed that my own country would become involved in it, I spoke at a dinner of the Mayflower Club in London.

I said that, if the catastrophe did come to Europe, the Mayflower would become a name of even greater meaning to the world. For the one hope for the preservation of our western civilization would be the United States.

And now as the war months lengthen into years I know my prophecy to be true. The relative strength of America grows as the vitality of Europe is ebbing away. It is not the loss of money and of credit. It is not only the waste and desolation of provinces during the war and the economic catastrophes and political upheavals which will everywhere follow in its wake. It is not only the millions of dead and maimed among the young men.

Old Standards Collapse.

But it is the complete collapse of the old national standards. Three years ago no Englishmen would have believed that even the stress of a great war would make it impossible to know the truth about the failure or success of military or diplomatic efforts of the government; that news would be officially suppressed and garbled; that newspapers would print just what Government censors told them and no more.

Nor would anyone here have believed three years ago that nearly two thousand Englishmen would have been imprisoned for conscientious refusal of military service, some of them condemned to death, and only respite at the last moment, and many bullied and tortured by the military.

These things and many others are the price of a war like this. After the war tyranny and militarism may possibly be burnt up in the wrath of inevitable popular reaction in Germany and Great Britain. But in Germany they will cling with fierce tenacity to their old strongholds and in Britain to their new found opportunity.

America Beacon To Old Nations.

It is in this struggle that the profound effect of America may be felt with its unbroken tradition of liberty, its existing democratic success, its faith in peace. If in these things it remains faithful, it will not only secure its own immense destiny, but remain a beacon to the old nations in the hour of their agony and despair.

But there is practical and immediate help which America can be giving to its example. It is that about which I chiefly wish to write.

Americans must by this time be chary of believing the press of the belligerent countries. But there is nothing about which less truth is told than about the real feelings of the belligerent peoples.

The newspapers only represent what they would like them to be and the more imaginative section of the ruling class still think they are. But that picture bears not the slightest relation to the truth.

Prosperity Is Fictitious.

Probably the people of Great Britain are the least weary of the war. We started the richest of the warring nations. So we are still. Owing to the prodigious credit there is a fictitious prosperity, created by high wages which prevents the positive want which in Germany and Austria accentuates the other catastrophes of war.

Until the battle began on the Somme the idea of the wholesale slaughter of the British youth had not entered the ordinary calculations of Englishmen. But even so, the war wears in rapidly becoming universal in Great Britain. It is not that a movement for peace at any price either has existed or has begun to exist. Those who like myself and Messrs. Snowden, Ponsonby, and Ramsay MacDonald have for months been pressing in the House of Commons and out of it for an early effort at negotiations, have no more desire than the wildest warmonger that the war should end before Germany is ready to evacuate France and Belgium and by acts acknowledge aggression or aggrandizement.

Meetings such as we hold to discuss what line a reasonable peace should follow are now attended by

By RYAN WALKER

ments. Its meaning was distorted by the European press. It seemed to be seed falling on hard ground. Only those of us who in these dark days had our eyes on the international picture are fully grateful yet for that pronouncement which at once gave us hope.

We know that the better desires of our own British statesmen had presented international co-operation as the hope of the world at the end of the war. Mr. Asquith and Lord Grey, if Falkland had mentioned it, had been left to us to preach it incessantly in these war days. No member of the Government or of those busy only with the war ever spoke of it again. But to us all it was a great beacon of hope that the American Government had officially declared itself for the creation of an international system and announced its willingness to co-operate.

Laboring In Heavy Waters.

We regretted that there was no immediate recognition of this policy by the British Government. But they are laboring in heavy waters. And while half the Cabinet is talking about continuing the war by economic means as soon as the military operations cease, it is hard for the more rational half of the Cabinet to talk about the League to Enforce Peace.

But Mr. Lloyd George's declaration in his interview against the mediation of America or any other neutral nation was so direct a rejection (perhaps unintended) of the American offer that discussion began. Mr. Lloyd George was forced by myself in the House of Commons to give a tardy recognition of the value of the President's offer. And a few days later Lord Grey made a frank and more hearty acknowledgment of the possibilities opening out after the war, as a result of the new policy.

Great Britain is now aware of the hope offered to the world by the President's speech and by the acceptance of the policy by both parties in the Presidential struggle. But our people do not yet fully see its bearing on the conclusion of the war.

What is it that we seek, what does saner opinion seek in France, Germany and elsewhere? It is security—security for which the nations are crying. They fear to sheath their swords if they do not see security looming in the near distance.

But what offers security except this very League of the Nations which European statesmen will only think of as an expedient to be considered after the war is over. My countrymen do not yet see—but they will if you are persistent—that your approval of the League of Peace amounts to American co-operation in the objects for which they profess to be fighting—a secure civilization.

Can Shorten The War.

Sooner or later your espousal of that plan will affect the course of the war. It will shorten it. They do not yet see that your plan ought to be the first of the terms of peace. Is it altogether impossible that the war drags on wearily for the next few months, the newly elected President should be insisting more and more on the value of the new American policy until it becomes the plain hope of salvation for Europe? It needs to be repeated.

For in these days the essence of a democratic appeal is that it should be incessant until it is fully understood. If this message is heard loud and clear, it will end by being the policy of the world.

It will take the place of the fury of war denunciation, of the threats of annihilation and of the ravings of revenge, of which we are all so weary here.—Charles P. Trevelyan.

High Cost Of Living

As a remedy for the high cost of living, people in various sections of the county are proposing to boycott foodstuffs. But such action would be sheer folly and utterly futile as a means of accomplishing the desired end.

A little cultivation of the brain would prove much more efficacious in solving the food problem than mortification of the stomach. Especially is this true when it is considered how bountiful is the yield of all kinds of edibles.

When organs of the human body fail to function properly sickness is sure to follow. So it is with the body politic—maladjustment of human relations leads to social distress such as people are now experiencing as a result of the prohibitive prices charged for necessities of life. Nothing is better illustrative of the chaotic conditions brought about by the profit system of industry than the spectacle of cargoes of fish being dumped into the sea to cause an artificial scarcity of this food in order to keep up prices, or the dumping of trainloads of fruit for the same purpose. But to condemn this practice is considered an attack upon the sacredness of Profit, before which idol all must humbly genuflect. But not until the unholy trinity of rent, interest and profit is forever banished from human affairs can there be anything like just conditions prevail in the world.

There are volumes upon volumes of books printed on the subject of Socialism, but it may be said that the gist of the negative principle of Socialism is contained in the abolition of rent, interest and profit, while its positive principle of Socialism is its advocacy of cooperation in industry and production for use instead of profit. This one fact, the tribute to all Socialists, should be made clear in every issue of every Socialist paper and in every piece of Socialist literature sent broadcast over the world. And let it be understood that until this socialistic lesson is learned all protests against the high cost of living as well as all other forms of injustice will be in vain.

Trust The Common Folk.

This indeed asks the American President to risk his possible value as a backstab diplomat. But American Presidents are apt to believe that the common sense of common men can make better judgments on vast issues than even well-meaning rulers. They apply that faith in their own political crises. Perhaps they might help our poor European world by trusting the soul of our common folk.

It is possible that it might be said in objection to my view that President Wilson has already tried and failed to obtain response from European opinion. In May he announced the willingness of America to abandon the old policy of isolation and to co-operate in ensuring the peace of the world.

It is true that this great historic utterance was treated with strange neglect by the belligerent Govern-

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(Continued From The First Page)

ingly. He had merely intimated his displeasure, in his pride believing that to intimate was to command. But to his surprise the rope tightened around his neck, shutting off his breath. In quick rage he sprang at the man, who met him halfway, grappled him close by the throat, and with a deft twist threw him over on his back. Then the rope tightened mercilessly, while Buck struggled in a fury, his tongue lolling out of his mouth and his great chest heaving futilely. Never would all his life had he been so vilely treated, and never in all his life had he been so angry. But his strength ebbed, his eyes glazed, and he knew nothing when the train was flagged and the two men threw him into the baggage car.

The next he knew, he was dimly aware that his tongue was hurting and that he was being jolted along in some kind of a conveyance. The hoarse shriek of a locomotive whistling crossing told him where he was. He had travelled too often with the Judge not to know the sensation of riding in a baggage car. He opened his eyes, and into them came the unbridled anger of a kidnapped king. The man sprang for his throat, but Buck was too quick for him. His jaws closed on the hand, nor did they relax till his senses were choked out of him once more.

"Yip," he said, the man said, hiding his mangled hand from the baggage man, who had been attracted by the sounds of struggle. "I'm takin' 'm up for the boss to Frisco. A crack dog doctor there thinks that he can cure 'm."

Concerning that night's ride, the man spoke most eloquently for himself, in a little shed back of a saloon on the San Francisco water front.

"All I get is fly for it," he grumbled, "and I wonder if it'll be a thousand, cold cash."

His hand was wrapped in a bloody handkerchief, and the right trouser leg was ripped from knee to ankle. "How much did the other mug get?" the saloon-keeper demanded.

"A hundred," was the reply. "Wouldn't take a son less, so help me."

"That makes a hundred and fifty," the saloon-keeper calculated, "and he's worth it, or I'm a squarerhead." The kidnaped man looked at his lacerated hand. "If I don't get the hydrophobia—"

"It'll be because you was torn to hang," laughed the saloon-keeper. "Here, lend me a hand before you pull your freight," he added.

Dazed, suffering intolerable pain from throat and tongue, with the life half throttled out of him, Buck attempted to face his tormentors. But he was thrown down and choked repeatedly, till they succeeded in filing the heavy brass collar from off his neck. Then the rope was removed, and he was flung into a cage like a cat.

There he lay for the remainder of the weary night, nursing his wrath and wounded pride. He could not understand what it all meant. What did they want with him, these strange men? Why were they keeping him pent up in this narrow cage? He did not know why, but he felt oppressed by the vague sense of impending calamity. Several times during the night he sprang to his feet when the shed door rattled open, expecting to see the Judge, or the boys at least. But each time it was the bulging face of the saloon-keeper that peered in at him by the sickly light of a tallow candle. And each time the fearful bark that trembled in Buck's throat was twisted into a savage growl.

But the saloon-keeper let him alone, and in the morning four men entered and picked up the crate. More tormentors, Buck decided, for they were evil-looking creatures, ragged and unkempt; and he stormed and raged at them thru the bars. They only laughed and poked sticks at him, which he promptly assailed with his teeth till he realized that that was what they wanted. When they laid down suddenly and allowed the crate to be lifted into a wagon. Then he, and the crate in which he was imprisoned, began a passage thru many hands. Clerks in the express office took charge of him; he was carted about in another wagon; a truck carried him, with an assortment of boxes and parcels, upon a ferry steamer; he was trucked off the steamer into a great railway depot, and finally he was deposited in an express car.

For two days and nights this express car was dragged along at the tail of shrieking locomotives; and for two days and nights Buck neither ate nor drank. In his anger he had met the first advances of the express messengers with growls, and they had retaliated by teasing him. When he flung himself against the bars, quivering and frothing, they laughed at him and taunted him. They growled and barked like detestable dogs, mewed, and flapped their arms and crowed. It was all very silly, he knew; but therefore the more outrageous to his dignity, and his anger waxed and waned. He did not mind the hunger so much, but the lack of water caused him severe suffering and fanned his wrath to fever-pitch. For that matter, high-strung and finely sensitive, the ill treatment had flung him into a fever, which was fed by the inflammation of his parched and swollen throat and tongue.

He was glad for one thing: the rope was off his neck. That had given them an unfair advantage; but now that it was off, he would show them. They would never get another rope around his neck. Upon that he was resolved. For two days and nights he neither ate nor drank, and during those two days and nights of torment, he accumulated a fund of wrath that boiled ill for whoever first fell foul of him. His eyes turned blood-shot, and he was metamorphosed into a raging fiend. So changed was he that the Judge himself would not have recognized him; and the express messengers breathed with relief when they bundled him off the train at Seattle.

Four men gingerly carried the crate from the wagon into a small, high-walled back yard. A stout man with

a red sweater that sagged generously at the neck, came out and signed the book for the driver. That was the man, Buck divined, the next tormentor, and he hurled himself savagely against the bars. The man smiled grimly, and brought a hatchet and a club.

"You ain't going to take him out now?" the driver asked.

"Sure," the man replied, driving the hatchet into the crate for a pry. There was an instantaneous scattering of the four men who had carried it in, and from safe perches on top of the wall they prepared to watch the performance.

Buck rushed at the splintering wood, sinking his teeth into it, surging and wrestling with it. Wherever the hatchet fell on the outside, he was there on the inside, snarling and growling, as furiously anxious to get out as the man in the red sweater was calmly intent on getting him out.

"Now, you red-eyed devil," he said, when he made an opening sufficient for the passage of Buck's body. At the same time he dropped the hatchet and shifted the club to his right hand. And Buck was truly a red-eyed devil. He drew himself together for the spring, hair bristling, mouth foaming, a mad glitter in his blood-shot eyes. Straight at the man he launched his one hundred and forty pounds of fury, surcharged with the pent passion of two days and nights. In mid air, just as his jaws were about to close on the man, he received a shock that checked his body and brought his teeth together with an agonizing clasp. He whirled over, catching the ground on his back and side. He had never been struck by

a club in his life, and did not understand. With a snarl that was part bark and more scream he was again on his feet and launched into the air. And again the shock came and he was brought crashingly to the ground. This time he was aware that it was the club, but his madness knew no caution. A dozen times he charged, and as often the club broke the charge and smashed him down.

After a particularly fierce blow he crawled to his feet, too dazed to rush. He staggered limply about the blood flowing from nose and mouth and ears, his beautiful coat sprayed and flecked with bloody slaver. Then the man advanced and deliberately dealt him a frightful blow on the nose. All the pain he had endured was as nothing compared with the exquisite agony of this. With a roar that was almost lionlike in its ferocity, he again hurled himself at the man. But the man, shifting the club from right to left, coolly caught him by the under-jaw, at the same time wrenching downward and backward. Buck described a complete circle in the air, and half of another, then crashed to the ground on his head and chest.

For the first time he was as motionless as a statue. The man struck the shrewd blow he had purposely withheld for so long, and Buck crumpled up and went down, knocked utterly senseless.

"He's no such at dog-reakin', that's what I say," one of the men on the wall cried enthusiastically. "Druther break cusses any day, and twice on Sundays," was the reply of the driver, as he climbed on the wagon and started the horses. Buck's senses came back to him, but not his strength. He lay where he had fallen, and from there he

little hustler. They start off their business meeting and I thought I was dreaming. They reads the minutes and altho there were only three motions passed at the previous meeting they had to have five corrections in the minutes. And nothing simple about it either—there were amendments and substitutes and appear until I thought my hair would stand on end. You fellows don't know anything about heckling.

Next came a letter from a former member in which they were bawled out because of the joint they were meeting in. I just couldn't help it, but when that letter was finished I just breathed out a heartfelt sigh of "Am-eh."

Truer words were never written, Yips, take it from me. Then up jumps this little fellow, a spunky devil she was too, something like our Mary here, and she starts to expand on the same line as the letter. When she got thru one of the fellows says that the girls were altogether too finicky about headquarters anyway, that it wasn't the meeting place that mattered, it was the spirit of the crowd. I guess he must have meant the spirit sold outside, and that was poor quality stuff. They were strong for tabling the letter, but finally they

decided to let me have the floor. Not without a fight tho, they were as civil as a pack of prairie pups, especially two of the roughnecks, "the Revolutionary twins" I dubbed 'em. They'd gotten my goat so I just lit into them. I told them about our headquarters here, with the big hall, and the meeting and lecture room, and our office with the typewriters (inanimate and pretty, both). I told them about our singing songs before the meetings and after them. I told them how our membership committee introduces strangers and new comrades around and sees to it that they had a good time. And I told them about our initiation ceremony and the Yipsel handclasp for our absent comrades. Well, they were a pretty small bunch when I got thru with them, I was never so interested in a speech in all my life as I was in my own right there. One of the guys tried to come back but our little lady friend just let him over her. She made 'em elect a committee on headquarters and jammed thru a motion that under no circumstances were they to meet in that place again. What she didn't say to them after I was thru wasn't worth talking about.

Well, I guess that's about all of that, except that I got a letter about six months later, that they had fixed up a deal with the party whereby all socialist organizations in town rented a fine big store on the main street for a headquarters and the party members were now well above the hundred mark. The "Revolutionary twins" are now among the hardest workers and have sworn off scapping for life. I'm no moralist, boys, but you can draw your own conclusions.

NOTE—Another "Jimmy" story appears in the next issue.

Let's Abolish The System

By JOHN T. MEEK.

In the competitive system we have five groups of workers, useful workers, non-workers, useless workers, destructive workers, vicious workers. The useful workers do all the useful work and produce ALL THE WEALTH IN THE WORLD! They are engaged in agriculture, fishing, manufacturing, mining, construction, transportation, education, culture, domestic work, sanitation, surgery, chemistry, science, music, art, literature, and entertainment.

Non-workers: The idle rich and the idle poor. Useless workers: All workers engaged in all forms of advertising, two-thirds of the distributors, watchmen, detectives, policemen, gunmen, and the numerous office-holders and their assistants, also the office assistants of the useless, destructive and vicious workers, and the hordes of lackeys of the rulers, well-to-do and idle rich.

Destructive workers: Armies and navies. Vicious workers, viciously working the useful workers: Lawyers, ecclesiastics, rulers, politicians, false writers, promoters, bankers, usurers, real estate men, insurance men, business men, gamblers and burglars. All the vicious workers do not produce the value of one potato, nor devote one minute of useful labor to humanity.

watched the man in the red sweater. "Answers to the name of Buck," the man soliloquized, quoting from the saloon-keeper's letter which had announced the consignment of the crate and contents. "Well, Buck, my boy," he went on in a genial voice, "we've had our little session, and the best thing we can do is to let it go at that. You've learned your place, and I know mine. Be a good dog and all 'I go well and the goose hang high. Be a bad dog, and I'll whack the stuffin' outa you. Understand?"

As he spoke he fearlessly patted the head he had so mercilessly pounded, and the Buck's hair involuntarily bristled at touch of the hand, he endured it without protest. When the man brought him water he drank eagerly, and later bolted a generous meal of raw meat, chunk by chunk, from the man's hand.

He was beaten (he knew that); but he was not broken. He saw, once for all, that he stood no chance against a man with a club. He had learned the lesson, and in all his after life he never forgot it. That club was a revelation. It was his introduction to the reign of primitive law, and he had the money you can't get no kick coming, eh, Perrault?"

Perrault grinned. Considering that the price of dogs had been boomed skyward by the unwonted demand, it was not an unfair sum for so fine an animal. The Canadian Government would be no loser, nor would its despatches travel the slower. Perrault knew dogs, and when he looked at Buck he knew that he was one in a hundred. "Ten thousand," he commented mentally, "the lesson was driven home to Buck; a man with a club was a law-giver, a master to

be obeyed, tho not necessarily conciliated. Of this last Buck was never guilty, tho he did see beaten dogs that fawned upon the man, and wagged their tails, and licked his hand. Also he saw one dog, that would neither conciliate nor obey, finally killed in the struggle for mastery.

Now and again men came, strangers, who talked excitedly, wheedlingly, and in all kinds of fashions to the man in the red sweater. And at such times that money passed between them the strangers took one or more of the dogs away with them. Buck wondered where they went, for they never came back; but the fear of the future was strong upon him, and he was glad each time when he was not selected.

Yet his time came, in the end, in the form of a little, weazened man who spat broken English and many strange and uncouth exclamations, which Buck could not understand. "Sacredam!" he cried, when his eyes lit upon Buck. "Dat one dam bully dog! Eh? How much?"

"Three hundred, and a present at that," was the prompt reply of the man in the red sweater. "And sein' it's government money, you can't got no kick coming, eh, Perrault?"

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Curly, a good-natured Newfoundland, and he was led away by the little weazened man. That was the last he saw of the man in the red sweater, and as Curly and he looked at receding Seattle from the deck of the "Narwhal" it was the last he saw of the warm Southern sun. Curly and he were taken below by Perrault and turned over to a black-faced giant called Francois. Perrault was a French-Canadian, and swarthy; but Francois was a French-Canadian half-breed, and twice as swarthy. They were a new kind of men to Buck (of which he was destined to see many more), and while he developed no affection for them, he none the less grew honestly to respect them. He speedily learned that Perrault and Francois were fair, calm and impartial in administering justice, and too wise in the way of dogs to be fooled by dogs.

In the "tween-decks" of the "Narwhal," Buck and Curly joined two other dogs. One of them was a big, snow-white fellow from Spitzbergen who had been brought away by a whaling captain, and who had later accompanied a Geological Survey into the Barrow cold country. Buck's feet sank into a white mushy something very like mud. He sprang back with a snort. More of this white stuff was falling thru the air. He shook himself, but more of it fell upon him. He sniffed it curiously, then licked some up on his tongue. It bit like fire, and the next instant was gone. This puzzled him. He tried it again, with the same result. The bloopers laughed hysterically and he felt ashamed, he knew not why, for it was his first snow.

(To Be Continued Next Week.)

The other dog made no advances, nor received any; also, he did not attempt to steal from the newcomers. He was a gloomy, morose fellow, and he showed Curly plainly that all he desired was to be left alone, and further, that there would be trouble if he were pulled out of the propler, and the one day was very like another, it was apparent to Buck that the weather was steadily growing colder. At last, one morning, the propler was quiet, and the "Narwhal" was pervaded with an atmosphere of gauda in a field where it is very much excitement. He felt it, as did the other dogs, and knew a change was at hand. Francois leashed them and brought them on deck. At the first step upon the cold surface, Buck's feet sank into a white mushy something very like mud. He sprang back with a snort. More of this white stuff was falling thru the air. He shook himself, but more of it fell upon him. He sniffed it curiously, then licked some up on his tongue. It bit like fire, and the next instant was gone. This puzzled him. He tried it again, with the same result. The bloopers laughed hysterically and he felt ashamed, he knew not why, for it was his first snow.

(To Be Continued Next Week.)

The other dog made no advances,

Revive L'Internationale

The revival of the Socialist international on the spot where peace terms are to be decided upon to end the European war is expected, and a movement is now on foot to bring it about.

Steps have been taken to bring together the Socialist representatives of the warring nations as soon as possible in some neutral nation, preferably Switzerland or Holland, to discuss peace.

Morris Hillquit, American secretary of the International Socialist bureau, says: "I understand there is a movement on foot to call together the representatives of the belligerent countries. It is not definite yet. It will not be a congress, but a meeting of the Socialists of the belligerents to consider terms of peace."

He said that the Socialist national executive committee, which will meet in Chicago on January 6, will initiate action to bring the Socialists of the warring nations together, if nothing is done before then. So far he has received no word from any of the officials of the national groups of Socialists abroad on the subject.

The most definite news he had obtained was from France, where the rank and file of the people and a strong minority of the Socialist group were agitating strongly for peace. On the subject of peace, Hillquit said: "The outlook for peace is hopeful. If hostilities do not end now, I expect it in the near future."

Lee Sees Peace Hope. Algernon Lee, director of the Rand School of Social Science, who has attended many international Socialist conventions, and who is well versed in European developments, said: "It seems to me that there must have been some assurance of peace. I do not feel that President Wilson would have sent that note unless there was a good possibility of success."

"I have had the feeling for some time that the nations at war desired peace and the agitation against war in all the countries was exerting an irresistible pressure to end it."

He said that there was undeniable antagonism between England and Russia, antagonism that arose before the war, which has not been forgotten. He remarked that Premier Trepoff has stated in the Duma publicly that there was an agreement between the allies at the beginning of the war to give Constantinople to Russia.

Capitalists Protest. Lee said that when this news was published in England there was a general protest from the capitalists, who did not wish to see Russia get an opening on the Mediterranean to compete with British naval supremacy.

He said that the ruling class of France had similar objections. "When a radical member asked Premier Asquith in Parliament if the news of giving Constantinople to Russia as a war prize was true, the discussion was barred for the good of the public," said Lee.

He said France and Great Britain would probably be willing to make a settlement at the expense of Russia. The prospects for peace are brighter than they were when Lee's opinion "Hostilities will be over in a month of two, and if hostilities are once suspended, they will not be opened again. It is time that the Socialists go together to take part in the peace negotiations."

Having read an article by James Oneal in the issue of "The American Socialist" for Dec. 23, permit me to say in behalf of the Socialist Propaganda League of America just this: While as "the historian of the working class movement" Oneal's compilation may have a certain value, as a chronicle of current happenings, with history making under his nose, he, being a prejudiced witness, is quite unfitted for the job. Any comrades who may decide for or against the League on the strength of anything Oneal says in the article "A Short Cut to the Revolution," and with the notion that they are getting the facts, will be deceived. We're in a position to throw "mud" if we must, but prefer to discuss principles.

A. S. Edwards, Asst Sec S.P.L.A.

Socialists At Work

NOTE—What are the Socialists doing in your city county or state? The editor of this column wants to know. Send in the news about your activities. This is made especially to local secretaries, state secretaries and other officials of the party. Send all communications to the Editor, "Socialists At Work" Column, 808 W. Madison St., Chicago, Ill.

WORK FOR OUR HOME

In an effort to quit "working for the landlord," as they say, the New York East Side branches of the Socialist party, which elected and re-elected Meyer London, the one Socialist Congressman, gave for the first time in the history of their existence planning to build or buy a building to be the center of Socialist activities on the East Side.

The building is to be as near the center of the East Side as possible, and will give the Socialists and their sympathizers every opportunity for physical and mental development. It will have a large hall to be used for lectures, general membership meetings, and social affairs; a basement for bowling alleys and pool tables; a floor devoted to a gymnasium with all modern apparatus, lockers and shower baths. The rooms of the other floors will be used for individual branch meetings, committee meetings and Socialist study and Sunday school classes.

This plan of a home for the Socialists of the East Side was recommended by the East Side Agitation Committee, created by the branches for agitation and organization work throughout the year in its yearly report.

PROGRESS IN GEORGIA

By Mary Raoul Millis.

The comrades have every reason to feel gratified at the showing made by Georgia in the National Election. Georgia not only held her own, but even slightly increased her vote over the figure of 1912. When we consider our small membership and our very recent re-organization, we may "point with pride" to the result.

About 26,000 ballots were distributed over the state. Generally speaking, the comrades seem to feel that the votes were counted with fair accuracy, but many comrades lost their votes because they had not paid their poll tax. This is something all should remember in the spring of 1918.

As in all states, we lose many votes because our comrades have failed to become naturalized. It is a paramount duty of all Socialists to secure the right to vote when it is possible to do so.

The only place where we had a contest was in Miller County. Miller expected to send Georgia's first Socialist legislator to Atlanta next summer, and might have done so, had not the "machine" become aroused. They were on the spot to challenge all socialist voters, who where not properly qualified, with all taxes paid, and thus threw out many comrades. Also they ran free automobiles from all parts of the county to carry Democratic voters to the polls. Result—the biggest vote ever cast in Miller, and no Comrade in the next legislature.

Comrade Cornelius Lehane of Ireland has accepted invitations to lecture from locals in Texas, Louisiana and Arkansas as follows: Texas—Dallas, Jan. 8th; Fort Worth, Jan. 11; Jennings, Jan. 12; Lafayette, Jan. 13; New Iberia, Jan. 14; Morgan City, Jan. 15; New Orleans, Jan. 16 to 18; Baton Rouge, Jan. 19; Alexandria, Jan. 20; Georgetown, Jan. 21; Columbia, Jan. 22; Monroe, Jan. 23; Arkansas—Pine Bluff, Jan. 25; Little Rock, Jan. 26 and 27. Our Irish comrade is doing good work in the Southern states, some of the locals in New Mexico for which he has spoken not having had a speaker in their towns for over four years. His audiences are always very large, and he is not afraid of going into the states where the socialist movement is relatively weak.

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Bank No.	Address	No. of Dimes
2264—Unknown	CALIFORNIA	4
426—E. J. Anderson, Kingsburg	4	4
3595—S. S. Osanto, Bureka	8	8
1375—Elizabeth Williams, Englewood	3	3
769—Elizabeth Williams, Englewood	14	14
2267—O. M. Rush, Hansen	10	10
2281—Harry Schuch, Bureka	9	9
2282—M. B. Kelly, Bureka	10	10
2297—Geo. Troppman, Sandpoint	2	2
4789—C. B. Adams, Danville	3	3
4459—John La Duce, Chicago	10	10
3916—Arthur Purdy, S. Wilmington	10	10
3500—F. M. Wampler, Worthington	5	5
1421—W. J. Conerty, Huntington	9	9
1474—W. J. Conerty, Huntington	10	10
3994—W. C. Willis, Centerville	4	4
4231—L. Karling, Kansas	15	15
3226—F. Rolando, Dunkirk	20	20
2222—John Keasler, Greenville	2	2
4135—J. Selaky, Hamtramch	8	8
4136—J. Selaky, Hamtramch	10	10
4137—J. Selaky, Hamtramch	2	2
4138—J. Selaky, Hamtramch	3	3
4139—J. Selaky, Hamtramch	7	7
4494—M. Eureka, Red Cloud	8	8
4452—C. Mickey, Omaha	4	4
3706—R. Swanson, Manchester	11	11
3750—S. S. Osanto, Lebanon	44	44
1313—K. Barakus, Nashua	8	8
3527—S. S. Osanto, Nashua	6	6
3739—Arthur Rooney, Clifdale	11	11
4137—J. Selaky, Hamtramch	10	10
3703—E. Knepper, Jersey City	50	50
4467—Thos. Smith, New Mexico	7	7
4489—W. M. Metcalf, Albuquerque	15	15
2824—F. E. McMaster, Greenville	2	2
2854—Steve Blum, New York	2	2
2812—W. B. Corbin, Troy	20	20
3666—Robt. W. England, Schenectady	37	37
4293—E. M. Beck, New York City	31	31
1122—C. Emerson, Bronx	8	8
858—Harry Strobel, Olean	2	2
4202—Samuel Garkot, Glen Falls	3	3
4167—Edw. Busch, Albany	7	7
4171—J. Davis, Albany	8	8
3926—C. E. Jolin, Jamestown	8	8
4187—H. Sager, Albany	6	6
4124—E. Barrett, Mt. Vernon	17	17
4116—E. Barrett, Mt. Vernon	13	13
4115—E. Barrett, Mt. Vernon	15	15
4152—Mrs. J. Butts, Richmond, Albany	17	17
2499—J. Ballitt, Woburn	14	14
2423—A. Nelson, New York	1	1
2457—W. Weldert, Ross	5	5
2469—A. Huovinen, Elsieberry	24	24
2469—M. C. Caxton, Albany	11	11
2424—H. Aas, Fingal	11	11
2381—A. G. Frandis, Dow	22	22
2418—C. A. Solberg, Plume	5	